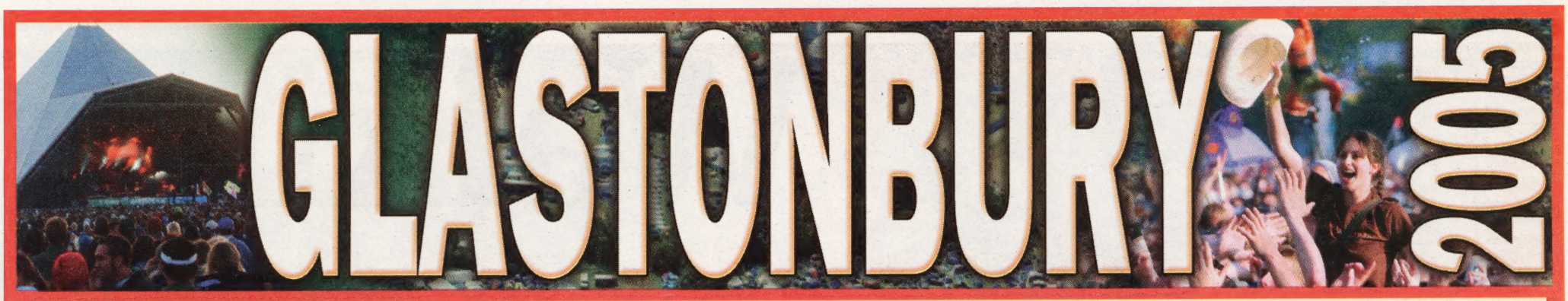

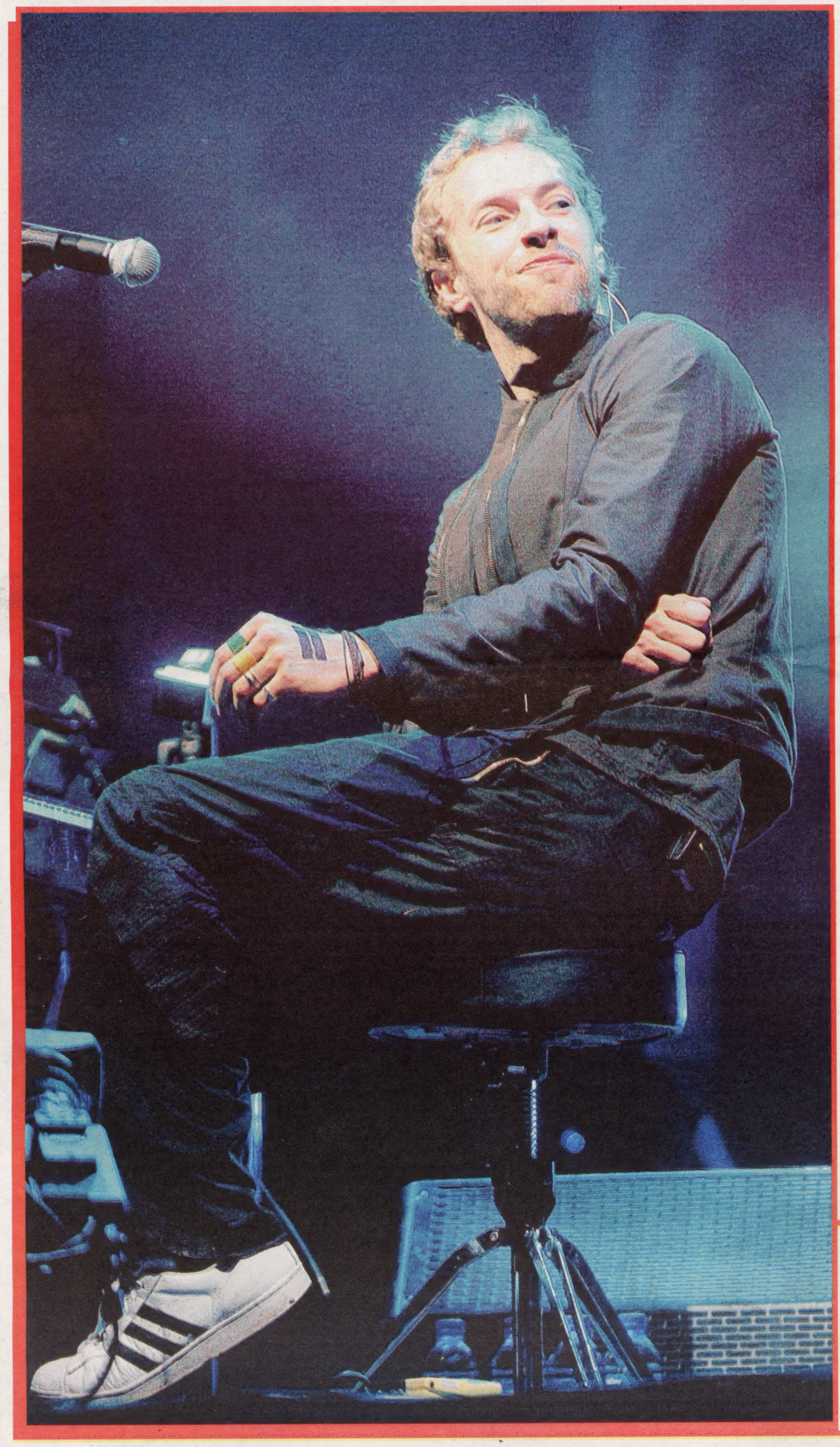

Top team: Bob Geldof, right, with Michael Eavis in front of the crowd

Oh what fun we had in the mud

By Brian Price
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GLASTONBURY 2005 – it had it all. Heatwaves, violent storms, torrential rain, gallons of floodwater and tonnes upon tonnes of glorious Somerset mud.

On Friday morning, midway through a five-and-a-half-hour downpour, rumours were rife that the extreme weather would soon lead to organisers pulling the plug on the world's greatest music festival before it had even begun.

Thankfully, it didn't come to that, and to borrow some words from Madness singer Suggs: "Oh what fun we had."

That's right – 140,000 people failed to let a bit of rain and mud stop them from making the most of the enormous variety of entertainment on offer across the sprawling festival site.

When, on Friday morning, Worthy Farm's once green pastures began to resemble paddy fields and (un)happy campers waded through waist-deep water to try to find tents and belongings that had been washed away, it wasn't long before the Dunkirk spirit kicked in.

Revellers rallied around their neighbours, helping to retrieve sodden belongings and donate any spare clothing or bedding that had escaped the deluge.

And despite all the mud, by Saturday they were still prepared to stand up and support Bob Geldof's call to make poverty history.

Rain, mud, sludge and grime. Who cares? Roll on 2007 and let's do it all over again!

COLDPLAY (SATURDAY, PYRAMID STAGE):
IT seemed like this was the time everybody had been waited for. The Pyramid Arena filled to the brim and a gentle lull descended on the crowd as they awaited Chris Martin and his colossally popular band. It may have been a cloudy night, but Coldplay were the brightest stars. Mass group hugs broke out among the mesmerised hordes; people punched the air at the sheer brilliance of the music and Martin's clear, melodious tones. There was Glasto magic in the air, and everybody clean forgot their trenchfoot and blisters. Coldplay re-emerged to pay tribute to "absent friends", in this case Kylie Minogue (who dropped out from headlining Sunday due to breast cancer), and re-invented the Aussie star's Can't Get You Out Of My Head in quintessential Coldplay fashion before closing with In My Place and a new song, Fix It.

Festival virgin: Page 30; Reviews: Pages 32-33; Candid Camera: Pages 34-35; Gallery: Page 36

Welly awful: Richard Kitchen, left, and Neil Skinner wade through the mud

The festival virgin's diary

MY first Glastonbury step was inevitably a muddy one, my new wellies (a panic purchase) remaining green for only seconds.

Friday's deluge had turned the site into yet another mud bath. I was pensive to say the least about my first visit. I am, so I'm told, a 'Glastonbury Virgin' – who had never endured the ritual hardships seemingly enjoyed by regular festival goers.

I assumed I knew all I needed to know about the world's biggest performing arts festival. I was, I am glad to say, utterly wrong. The event is quite simply more than a music festival and utterly different from the mere snippets we see on television.

A viscous gloop

The hardships of the car park were nothing compared with the many horrors of Glastonbury proper. A thick and viscous gloop covered the site. You don't walk here, you wade.

The site's size and scale are staggering, so too the noise generated from the various venues – most notably the immense Pyramid Stage where I was to spend a fantastic Saturday night. Amid tens of thousands of vocal fans, Keane, New Order and Coldplay made the most of the charged atmosphere with a series of electric performances. Yet with Primal Scream, Soulwax and even Van Morrison still to come, I know these acts will form only a fraction of my overall memories of a fantastic weekend.

Sure, the camping's uncomfortable, the food's a little ropey and you can often smell the toilets long before you need them; it may take eight hours to leave in the morning and that blister has indeed gone a funny colour, but frankly I really don't care. I think I'll even come back.

Neil Skinner

Weird and wonderful: Scenes from my first time Pictures: Richard Kitchen

Walking

Enter the world of Naked Ruby and jazz punk

By Owen Adams
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A SAUCILY dressed burlesque queen croons about the end of the world while a trapeze artist opens an orange umbrella loaded with pyrotechnics.

Next to the techno-ragtime fusion of Cirque Idyllic, on an elaborate pirate ship stage, an exotic dancer, who might have been an extra in Moulin Rouge, wiggles her hips suggestively on stage to the jazzy punk melee of Naked Ruby.

"Sandy, you just missed someone strip completely naked!" a young woman breathlessly relates to her friend in a nearby beer tent. Glastonbury is all about taking a walk on the wild side, where anything could happen ... and most probably will.

While it seemed as if the world and his wife had gathered in the main Pyramid arena to hear Coldplay on Saturday night, and The Killers the previous evening – and their fantastic performances should rightly go down in history – the big bands are only a small part of the Glastonbury experience.

Walk beyond the crowded market areas, beyond the Pyramid and Other stages, and strange and unexpected sights and sounds greet you at almost every step.

It's made all the more surreal by the complicated process of getting from A to B. One minute you could be negotiating sticky toffee-like mud, and then plunge waist deep into a gargantuan chocolate puddle. Three lads I spotted decided to have an impromptu workout – press-ups in a swamp pool. Well, who cares? They certainly didn't.

Everything is a lot further than it looks on the map, and when your boots are weighted down by clods of mud, it takes twice as long to move. But your intrepid reporter wasn't fazed by risk of a calamity – nor was anybody else.

Even those unfortunate campers whose tents were flooded were cheery and chatty as they sat huddled with their soaked belongings in The Glade area. From couples in their 60s to wide-eyed toddlers, everyone was determined to have a whale of a time and face off whatever nature threw at them.

What may seem like madness to those watching on TV from the comfort of their homes is totally understandable if you're on site, in this marvellous alternative world.

The hippy garb of yore is fast disappearing from Glastonbury, to be replaced by designer clothing and a plethora of hitherto unknown innovations. To find the most outlandish creations, it's a lengthy trek to the festival's outer reaches. The raver element is contained in its own Dance Village.

During the day, five or more stages fire out a frantic collision of bombastic beats, but after midnight on Friday (when the other stages have shut the noise off) the new Silent Disco, a Dutch invention, is quite a sight.

DISCO participants alone can hear the sound through infra-red headphones, borrowed on trust from the organisers. For those not wired for sound, it looks like a bunch of lunatics recoiling in jerky motions from voices in their head and singing to themselves.

An old railway line traverses the site and, at the opposite end – a long, long way – you suddenly slip into a different, freaky dimension. This is Lost Vagueness, and jackets are required for the casino and exotic dancing, but it's anything goes for the rest of this cornucopia of delights.

Rappers from Toronto blast the microphone in one tent, while a man and a woman cavort on stilts. There's a 1930s-style barber's saloon where you can get a facial massage and a shave for £7, and drag queens whoop it up in a Northern Soul disco tent.

If the chaos gets too much, the only place to go is to the stone circle, via the teepee village. Here, drummers get tribal in a celebration of life, and the hillside glows with fire lights.

The Pyramid, the very hub of this remarkable three-day city, glows blue like something from outer space. It's going to be hard to return to the real world after this.

Sweet dreams: A couple enjoy the all-night silent

Passionate: Bob Geldof addresses the crowd

on the wild side

disco in the Dance Tent – the headphones cost £75, have two channels and over a 1,000 were lent to the dancers – but for onlookers not wired for the sound the spectacle can be a bit disconcerting

Geldof's call to arms in poverty fight

AT 4pm on Saturday, the entertainment ground to a halt as tens of thousands of festival-goers, led by Bob Geldof, issued a rallying call to the G8 summit, shouting in unison "Make Poverty History".

The cry to national governments came as Geldof took to the Pyramid Stage and led the crowd in linking hands, raising their arms and making the statement.

All the stages at the huge festival stopped their performances so the entire 140,000 audience could join in to deliver the anti-poverty message.

Geldof, who was introduced by festival supremo Michael Eavis, recalled it was 20 years ago that he had appeared at Glastonbury one week before Live Aid.

Now it was one week before Live 8, the worldwide event due to support the Make Poverty History campaign.

Dressed in an immaculate white, collarless suit, Geldof urged each member of the audience to make their decision as individuals to join in the call to the world leaders who will meet next month in Scotland.

In a passionate speech, he said: "To die of hunger is an intellectual absurdity and morally repulsive.

"I want you to individually believe you can help change the condition of the most put-upon and beaten-down people on this planet."

He reminded the audience of the demonstration planned in Edinburgh on July 2, and urged them to watch the Live 8 broadcasts or shows wherever possible to support the campaign.

Mr Eavis, who was greeted with huge applause from the Pyramid Stage audience, said the festival had been turning out money for Africa for 20 years, but they had only scratched the surface of the problem.

"We need to persuade the rich nations of the world to come up with the dosh to make poverty history," he said.

Show of support: Festival-goers all hold hands

Thrills, spills an bring the festiva

FRIDAY

THE THRILLS

★ WHEN the sun finally decided to show its face on Friday afternoon after a five-and-a-half hour violent storm, it should have been the perfect excuse for Irish band The Thrills to really shine. Sadly, the band with the summery West Coast USA sound delivered a truly mediocre set that fell flat on its face.

What a shambles: Slurring, chaotic singer Pete Doherty

BABYSHAMBLES

☆ BABYSHAMBLES' main attraction is their sheer unpredictability. Attention-seeker Pete Doherty is famous for being the junky boyfriend of Kate Moss, not a musical genius. The music verged from a chaotic squall to the occasional catchy pop-punk melody, while Doherty tone-deafly slurred all his words of wisdom. But this gig may go down in history as one of their longest and most accomplished ever. Chain-smoking Doherty managed to stay on stage for at least half-an-hour; normally he walks off after one-and-a-half songs or doesn't show at all. He even managed a triumphant surf above his adoring audience's head.

Violin virtuoso: Nigel Kennedy enjoyed every minute

NIGEL KENNEDY'S JAZZ PROJECT

☆ AFTER announcing he wasn't going to play "dead guys' stuff" again, the violin virtuoso entertained a healthy Glasto crowd with his new jazz-tinged ensemble. Perma-grinned Kennedy clearly enjoyed every minute of the show, as did the crowd in front of the mighty Jazz World stage.

THE KILLERS

★ HYSTERIA broke out in the jam-packed Pyramid arena for this Las Vegas band. In one of those classic Glastonbury moments, pin-up singer Brandon Flowers' voice was almost drowned out by a chorus of thousands, as The Killers played a succession of infectious pop tunes. The band unveiled a new razor-sharp angry song, All The Pretty Faces, plus All The Things She Said, and the immortal "I've got soul but I'm not a soldier..."

Vintage tracks: Veteran singer-songwriter Elvis Costello

ELVIS COSTELLO

☆ BOY, the veteran singer-songwriter enjoyed Glastonbury 2005. With a dose of vintage tracks – including Radio Radio, I Don't Want to Go To Chelsea and Good Year For the Roses – it wasn't long before the crowd were eating out of his hand. But Costello's pièce de résistance was a blinding rendition of his biggest hit Oliver's Army and early single Alison. Quality!

SATURDAY

KAISER CHIEFS

★ THE Leeds band which came from nowhere six months ago are influenced by everybody British but sound like nobody except themselves. After filling clubs on their first tour, the Pyramid Stage was the Kaisers' big test – and they passed it admirably. Now they can wave goodbye to sweaty gigs and say hello to stadium-fillers. Super-arrogant singer Ricky Wilson commanded the crowd like an autocratic headmaster, and transformed himself into a human beach ball, bounced above adoring fans heads while rampaging through I Predict a Riot. Recent hit Oh My God proved to be another massive anthem.

GOLDIE LOOKIN CHAIN

☆ CONTRARY to expectations, Newport's chav kings of hip-hop – now dubbed the Beastie Boyos – are still as hilarious as ever.

Unique sound: Kaiser Chiefs made the stadium grade

It's quite a feat to get an a from around the world to and vices of a grotty Wels got a huge afternoon crow word. This joke still has a

BIGGLES WARTIME BAND

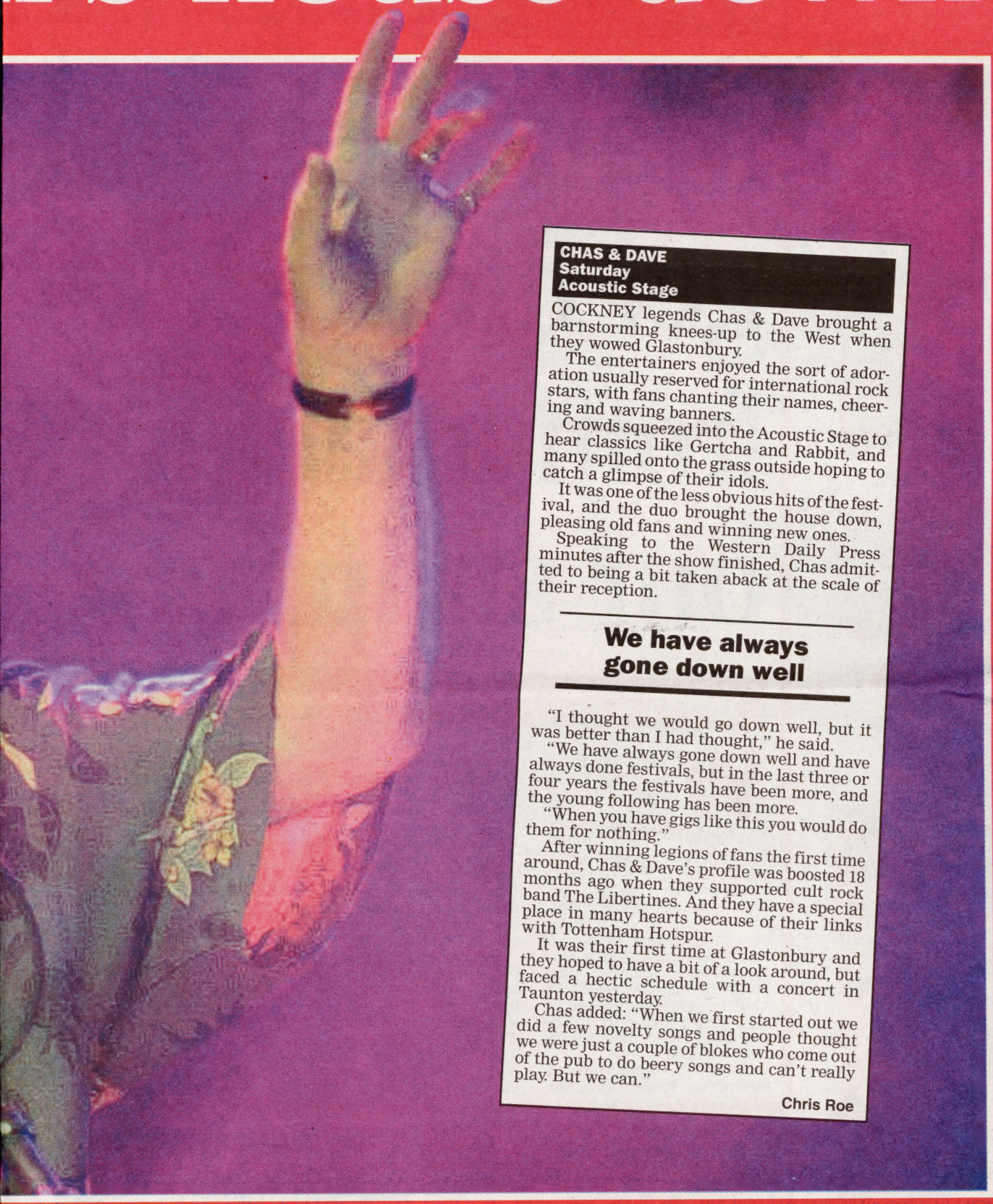
★ WHAT a find! I found the open-air Bandstan manic singer/trombonist, t guitarist and a percussioni Green dressed in a full on v give you an idea of where t coming from. This is what

ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN

☆ LIVERPOOL Eightie McCulloch and his r they were still a reckoni

Reviews by Owen Adams,

d Chas & Dave l's house down



CHAS & DAVE
Saturday
Acoustic Stage

COCKNEY legends Chas & Dave brought a barnstorming knees-up to the West when they wowed Glastonbury.

The entertainers enjoyed the sort of adoration usually reserved for international rock stars, with fans chanting their names, cheering and waving banners.

Crowds squeezed into the Acoustic Stage to hear classics like Gertcha and Rabbit, and many spilled onto the grass outside hoping to catch a glimpse of their idols.

It was one of the less obvious hits of the festival, and the duo brought the house down, pleasing old fans and winning new ones.

Speaking to the Western Daily Press minutes after the show finished, Chas admitted to being a bit taken aback at the scale of their reception.

We have always gone down well

"I thought we would go down well, but it was better than I had thought," he said.

"We have always gone down well and have always done festivals, but in the last three or four years the festivals have been more, and the young following has been more.

"When you have gigs like this you would do them for nothing."

After winning legions of fans the first time around, Chas & Dave's profile was boosted 18 months ago when they supported cult rock band The Libertines. And they have a special place in many hearts because of their links with Tottenham Hotspur.

It was their first time at Glastonbury and they hoped to have a bit of a look around, but faced a hectic schedule with a concert in Taunton yesterday.

Chas added: "When we first started out we did a few novelty songs and people thought we were just a couple of blokes who come out of the pub to do beery songs and can't really play. But we can."

Chris Roe

Brilliant stuff: The Proclaimers have a strong following

THE PROCLAIMERS

☆ **ALTHOUGH unfashionable these days, the Scots twins Craig and Charlie Reid proved they still have a strong following after packing out the Avalon tent. With a full band behind them – including an awesome guitarist/pedal steel player – the Reids belted out a clutch of singalong classics including the anthemic Letter From America. Brilliant stuff.**

SUNDAY

YEOVIL TOWN BAND

★ URGING festival-goers to wiggle their toes in their wellies and kick some straw around, the beautiful sound of brass cleared the cobwebs away from the previous night. The band opened with the stirring Imperial March from Star Wars, which sounded like a tribute to the resilience of the small mud-encrusted audience. They went on to dazzle with a selection of tunes from musicals, including Breezing Down Broadway. They couldn't fail with a brassed up version of Tony Christie's number one, Amarillo.

Faultless set: Jools got the crowd jumping and jiving

JOOLS HOLLAND

☆ **If there's one man to get a crowd rocking then it's former Squeeze keyboard player and boogie-woogie player extraordinaire, Jools.**

Backed by his phenomenal Rhythm and Blues Orchestra, it took seconds for his infectious mix of rock'n'roll and ska to get the Pyramid Stage crowd jumping and jiving in the mud.

Highlight of a faultless set was a brass-fuelled ska version of the classic Enjoy Yourself.

VAN MORRISON

★ Van The Man may not have unbuttoned his heavy suit jacket or removed his hat and shades, but his set was a cool remedy for this sunny afternoon. He was joined on stage by another Irish legend, guitarist Christy Moore, and gave us Van at his very best.

Through a deliciously jazzy version of Moondance, a New Orleans style sequence of swing, rhythm 'n' blues and red-hot rock 'n' roll including a Van reinvention of the British Fifties rocker Brand New Cadillac, most famously covered by The Clash. Van and his virtuoso band pulled off plenty of tricks, including the Them classics from the Sixties, Brown Eyed Girl and Gloria.

BRIAN WILSON

☆ **Good Vibrations was undoubtedly the song that summed up this year's Glastonbury, as everything felt right with the world. As the song's creator Brian Wilson, plonked centre-stage behind a keyboard, staring vacantly into the middle distance, his superb band The Wondermints did the business for him. They were ready and able to rescue him when his frail voice gave way. The crowd were in blissed-out heaven and the mud was nearly bone dry, thanks to the baking sun. After Vibrations, Brian abruptly shuffled off stage without a backward glance. But he and the band were back minutes later for a blistering six-song encore of Beach Boys classics, including Barbara Ann, Help Me Rhonda, Do It Again and Surfin' USA. Verily, this was a fantastic show.**

udience waving flags celebrate the virtues h city, but the GLC vd hanging on every long way to go.

he BWB entertaining d Stage. A 60-something uba player, bald st called Reverend ficar's outfit should his bizarre band were Glastonbury is about.

s hero Ian noody band showed ng force on today's

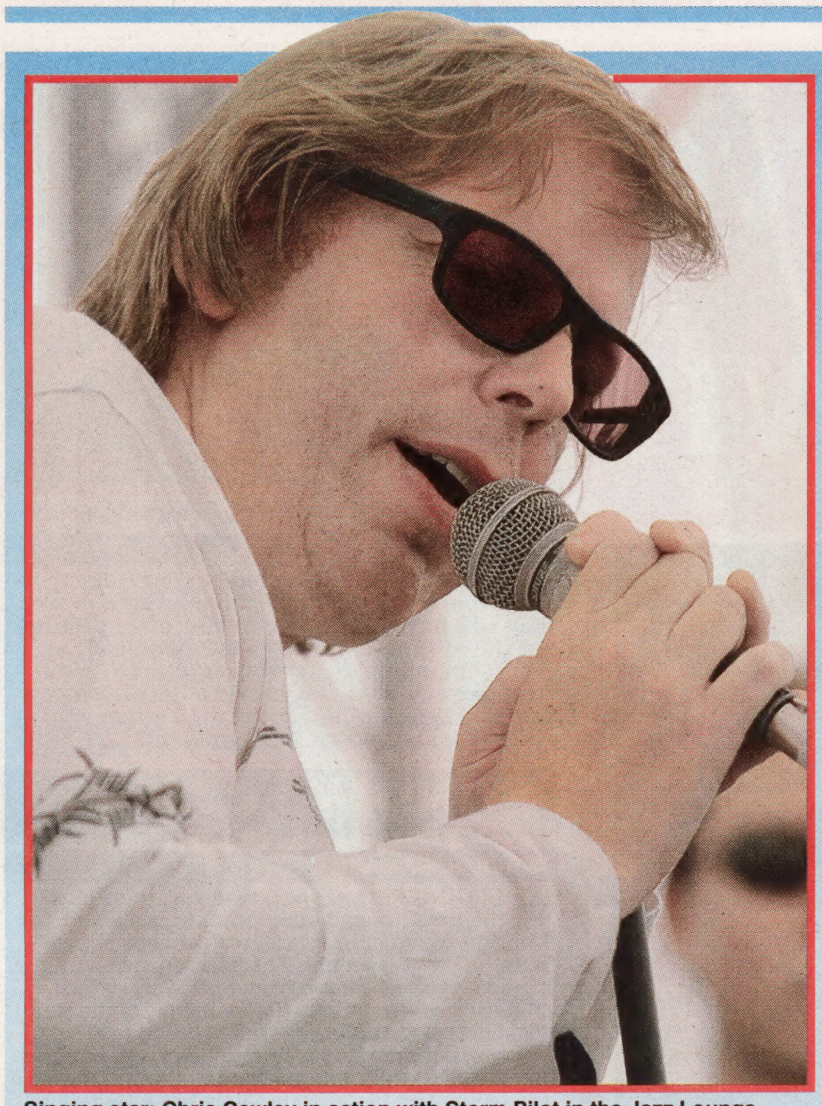
scene, playing a mix of new material and classic old hits like The Cutter on a vintage 1966 Vox guitar. At one point McCulloch broke into a version of Walk On The Wild Side by Lou Reed, which seemed to confuse his band a little.

NEW ORDER

★ FOR the first time in New Order's history, Bernard Sumner, Peter Hook and Co played Joy Division's Transmission, and later Love Will Tear Us Apart, which they dedicated to John Peel. With other old favourites like Temptation, True Faith and footie anthem World In Motion, for which they were joined by Keith Allen and a pantomime horse. Songs from the new album, Waiting For The Sirens Called, sounded distinctly flat and pedestrian in comparison with the classics.

Brian Price and Chris Roe

Vintage sound: Echo and the Bunnymen are still a force



Singing star: Chris Cowley in action with Storm Pilot in the Jazz Lounge

Radio 1 rocks deputy editor's festival debut

RADIO 1 breakfast show host Chris Moyles was a surprise face in the crowd just moments before Storm Pilot – featuring Western Daily Press Deputy Editor Chris Cowley on vocals – were due on stage in the Jazz Lounge yesterday.

But it quickly emerged the DJ wasn't actually there to see Cowley and co rock the lounge.

Moyles had, in fact, gone to see his sidekick, Comedy Dave, and Radio 1 newsreader Dominic Byrne play an impromptu set just ahead of Storm Pilot.

Battered the bongos badly

Under the name Folk Face, Dom played guitar and sang while Dave battered a pair of bongos – badly!

Word soon spread that the self-proclaimed "Saviour of Radio 1" and his entourage were in the tent, and the normally placid Jazz Lounge was quickly filled to bursting point by scores of celebrity-watching punters.

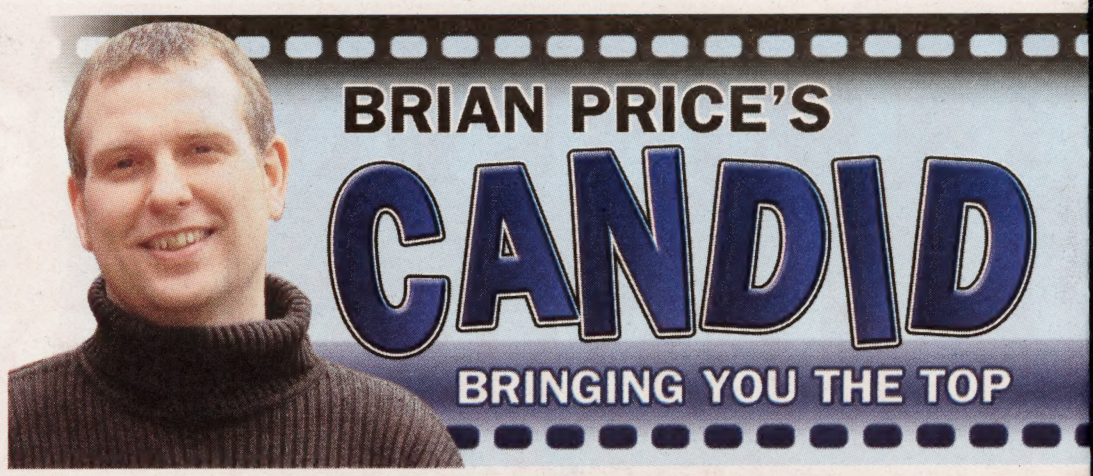
When Candid approached Moyles after Folk Face's three-song set, we asked the broadcaster if he would be sticking around to see Storm Pilot play. His reply? "Erm, I'm not sure what we're planning, but we might do."

In the news: Dominic Byrne on stage

Oi, Moyles! You don't know what you missed

WITH pre-match nerves jangling ahead of this West outfit's biggest gig, it didn't help matters when Radio 1's Chris Moyles hijacked the stage for about 15 minutes.

But the invasion meant a healthy-sized crowd was still around the Jazz Lounge when Storm Pilot arrived. Frontman, the Western Daily Press's Chris Cowley seemed a touch nervous during the first Led Zeppelin-style blues-rock number. But by Pilot's second song, Cowley's confidence had soared and the band really began to rock the tent.



Man and waif get their kicks from attacking our snappers

What a shambles as Doherty hits out

WANT to be a pop star? Get noticed despite having no talent by following Pete Doherty's simple steps.

Step one: get yourself an out-of-control heroin and crack-cocaine habit. Step two, start dating a supermodel; step three, parade in front of the press and photographers spreading rumours that you're getting married. Finally, try and boot our Candid Camera photographer in the face (but miss and connect with his lens).

In the event, only a handful were privy to stick-thin hot-pants-wearing Kate Moss and her wan, moon-faced boyfriend with the rotting teeth's "wedding".

Rather than flying in to Las Vegas, they opted for the Lost Vagueness area of Glastonbury, and were "married" by a fake vicar in the corrugated-iron Chapel Of Love & Loathing. He pronounced the couple "man and waif".

But rather than posing for the official wedding photographer, the groom decided to lash out, while his bride shrieked: "Pete, leave it!"

The troubled singer, sacked from The Libertines and now with his own shoddy band Babyshambles, has rarely been out of the limelight since he began his whirlwind five-month romance with Kate Moss after meeting at her 31st birthday party.

Following the fake wedding, Pete and Kate danced to George Michael's Faith and the Human League at a party thrown by Diesel clothing.

And Kate danced backstage while Pete cavorted with a Union flag on the Leftfield stage with Babyshambles, slurring out-of-tune words to their new song, F*** Forever.

Lost Vagueness marriages expire by the following day, but how long before this 21st century Sid and Nancy actually tie the knot for real?

SPOTTED!

Eye catching: Keira and Jamie

☆ THE Bend It Like Beckham and Pirates of the Caribbean actress Keira Knightley, seen here with her 20-year-old model boyfriend Jamie Dornan, bizarrely still felt the need to wear shades on a cloudy day.

Radio 1 are there – mob handed

CHRIS Moyles and his team weren't the only Radio 1 presenters enjoying Glastonbury 2005.

Candid Camera's team of happy snappers also spotted gorgeous Jo Whiley sauntering around the hospitality area in a stripy summery dress, complete with the obligatory wellies.

Whiley's colleagues Edith Bowman and Colin Murray were also lapping up the entertainment in between presenting shows on both the radio and on BBC TV. "I'm having a blast," Scots babe Bowman told Candid Camera as our paths crossed on Friday. "Can't wait to see The Killers – what an absolutely fantastic band."

Wanderer: Jo Whiley

WHERE THERE'S MUD THERE'S GOSSIP

CAMERA

STORIES FROM GLASTONBURY

SPOTTED!

☆ GWYNETH Paltrow, *left*, took a break from family life to see Echo & The Bunnymen on The Other Stage. Hubby Chris Martin was probably playing with their baby Apple to take his mind off Coldplay's important Saturday headline spot later.

Putting the boot in: Babyshambles frontman Pete Doherty kicks out at our photographer with supermodel Kate Moss in tow after their wedding

Joss gets maternal

☆ SHE might not have been performing, but West singing sensation Joss Stone was clearly enjoying herself backstage at the world's greatest music festival.

Gorgeous Joss was all smiles – despite the miserable muddy conditions that left many fashionistas either drowning in the rain or whimpering in their Winnebagos.

The Devon diva, 18, *left*, was also spotted in the hospitality bar getting all maternal by dancing and playing with young children.

Food fight

★ THE Killers walked through their perfect, ecstatically-received set so coolly that it's hard to imagine their drummer Ronnie Vannucci was battling food poisoning behind his kit.

While Glastonbury punters were in a rude state of health, considering the deluge of rain followed by floods and sludge, a rash of illnesses appeared to have broken out backstage ... or was it just pre-show nerves?

SNAPSHOTS

Far from Thrilling

☆ OOHHH, what a strop! Just what was up with Conor Deasy, frontman of Irish summery popsters, The Thrills?

At the end of the band's Friday afternoon Pyramid Stage set, the bearded singer, *below*, hurled his microphone aggressively off towards the side of the stage. Candid Camera thinks it may just be the case that he realised just how average his band actually is after the crowd's lukewarm response to their mediocre performance.

The sick list

★ HEADLINER on the John Peel Stage, cult American singer Ryan Adams cancelled citing an ear infection, but others fought on valiantly. Kaiser Chiefs singer Ricky Wilson said he felt like throwing up, and the main man from Welsh rappers Goldie Lookin' Chain, Dwain Xain Zedong, said he felt like he needed to go to hospital. And fellow rapper Mike Balls told the crowd about his latest bowel movements.

GLASTONBURY 2005

WE ARE HAVING THE TIME OF OUR LIVES: It might be a bit of a tight squeeze but there is nowhere on Earth the crowd at the Pyramid stage would rather be

MURKY DEPTHS: A fake shark waits patiently for some fake fish

TAKING A STAND: Two festival-goers show support for the Make Poverty History campaign which was heavily promoted over the three days

STYLISH: Leah Prentice, 24, from Belfast, Northern Ireland, in a 1950s dress from her collection and a pair of mud-covered Wellington boots

STICKING TOGETHER: Two enthusiastic festival fans who clearly found the muddy conditions a bonding experience

WITH 140,000 OF THEIR CLOSEST FRIENDS: A couple tie the knot at the chapel in the Lost Vagueness field

Pictures taken by: Anna Barclay, Matt Cardy, Anthony Devlin, Matt Morton, Freia Turland

To view more unpublished pictures from Glastonbury 2005, visit www.westpress.co.uk/glastonbury